and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcurvy politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, ſo.

*Edg.* O matter and impertinency, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloſter, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowſt the firſt time that we ſmel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack, the day.

*Lear.* When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoot a troope of horſe with fell, and when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs.

*Lear.* No reſcue, what a priſoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vſe me well, you ſhall haue a ranſom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

*Gent.* You ſhall haue any thing.

*Lear.* No ſeconds, all my ſelfe: why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying Autumnes duſt.

*Gent.* Good Sir.

*Lear.* I will dye brauely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my maſters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royall one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then theres life in't, nay if you get it you ſhall get it with running.

*Exit King running.*

*Gent.* A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

*Edg.* Haile gentle ſir.

*Gent.* Sir ſpeed you, what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

*Gent.* Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can diſtinguiſh ſenſe.

*Edg.* But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

*Gent.*



*Gent.* Neere and on ſpeed fo
Stands on the hourely though

*Edg.* I thanke you ſir, thats

*Gent.* Though that the Qu
His army is mou'd on.

*Edg.* I thanke you ſir.

*Glo.* You euer gentle gods
Let not my worſer ſpirit tem
To dye before you pleaſe.

*Edg.* Well pray you father

*Glo.* Now good ſir what ar

*Edg.* A moſt poore man, m
Who by the Art of knowne a
Am pregnant to good pitty.
Ile leade you to ſome biding

*Gloſt.* Hearty thankes, the
to boot, to boot.

*Enter*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize, n
was firſt framed fleſh to raiſe
Traitor, briefely thy ſelfe rem
deſtroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly

*Stew.* Wherefore bolde p
traytor, hence leaſt the infec
thee, let go his arme.

*Edg.* Chill not let go ſir wi

*Stew.* Let go ſlaue, or thou

*Edg.* Good Gentleman go
and chud haue beene zwagg
bene zo long by a vortnight
keepe out cheuore ye, or ile t
be the harder, chill be plaine

*Stew.* Out dunghill.

*Edg.* Chil pick your teeth

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